

You Get It
First

Sporting News

You Get It
Straight

Angus McPhee Victor in Great Roping Contest



A BAD 'UN.

An incident in the broncho-busting event at the Hilo Fourth of July Cowboys' Carnival.

(From Saturday's Advertiser.)

It was Cowboys' Day in Honolulu yesterday. The first section of the great Wild West carnival was presented at Kapiolani Park before a couple of thousand spectators.

The new enclosure proved an ideal place for the equine events and the program was run through without a hitch.

The steers were as lively as could be desired and the competition in the various events was pleasingly keen.

The wild steer roping and tying contest was won by World's Champion Angus McPhee in 1:10. The win was a popular one for McPhee has had the worst of luck in contests in which he has participated since arriving in Hawaii.

The officials were as follows:
Judges—Louis Warren, George Campbell, Flagman—Lester Petrie,
Timers—John Walker, J. L. Lemon, F. Halstead,
Announcer—J. Doyle,
Summary of events:
Potato race—Sonny Gay and John Holt, Jr.
Wild steer riding—W. Melekuale, Nigel Jackson, J. Malina.
Broncho busting—Tom Lopez.
Wild steer roping contest—Angus McPhee, 1:10; J. Malina, 1:23; W. P. Akau, 1:40.

Tug-of-war—Lellehua ranch defeated Kunalan ranch.
Maverick branding—Tom Lopez, J. Jack, W. P. Akau.

Wild horse roping—A. Jones and John Fernandez, 0:17; Jack Low and M. Kelilike, 0:14; C. H. Judd and Makuani, 0:30; Angus McPhee and E. Lindsay, 0:26.
One mile cowboy relay race—C. H. Judd, J. Malina.

An attractive feature of the program was the stage hold-up by Indians, this thrilling incident of frontier days being realistically depicted. The old stage coach was towed by E. H. Lewis, the champion reinsman of the Territory, who gave a masterly exhibition with the ribbons.

The program this afternoon will commence at two o'clock sharp and will be as follows:

No. 1. Half Mile Cowpony Race—

GREAT SPORT AT THE MARKET

(From Sunday's Advertiser.)

Another immense gathering witnessed the tug-of-war and boxing events at the old fishmarket last night.

The crowd was a most representative one, and there were seen what are seldom noted at a local ringside, dress suits and top hats.

The band of the battleship Rhode Island played a selection of music. This band is perhaps the finest in the fleet.

The makai bleachers were packed with sailors, the townspeople occupying the mauka seats. Hundreds of spectators crowded round the ringside and occupied every viewpoint on which they could possibly lodge themselves.

The fishmarket entertainments are getting to be immensely popular and every seat was taken last night half an hour before the commencement of the program.

The opening event was a tug-of-war between the Stevedores and the Honolulu, the latter being the team which pulled over the All-Americans in short order on Friday night.

There was a twenty-minute time limit on the go and it went that long. At the conclusion of the pull Referee Ryan called the contest a draw, the indicator never having varied more than six inches one way or the other during the whole pull. It was the toughest and most exciting pull that has ever been witnessed on a local cleat.

The teams were as follows:
Honolulu—Louis Cruz (anchor), D. Laelae, Solomon, David, Kimolele, Kaimaka, Kaupana, Chas. Coster (captain).

Stevedores—Kaimi (anchor), Chas. Kaulale, Pashao, Kalina, Mike Kuanui, Ewaliko, Kahahala, Chas. Freeman (captain).

Bill Huilui and Kid McCullough, two 135-pounders, next boxed six rounds to a draw. Huilui took matters easily the first part of the bout and let his opponent do the bulk of the boxing.

The Kid made a good showing and is coming on very nicely. With proper coaching and more experience he will make a tough boy.

Bill didn't box in his old style, but was probably unwilling to go at it too hard with his youthful opponent. Still, the rounds were full of action, and the soldier didn't seem ever to get enough pokes, uppers and jabs to deter him from coming back for more. He boxed very confidently last night and timed his blows better than he has done before.

At times Huilui showed flashes of his old form, but taken as a whole his showing was not impressive.

The second bout was a six-round affair between Mike Patton of Honolulu and Schlossberg of the battleship New Jersey, the heavyweight champion of the Atlantic fleet.

Schlossberg showed himself to be a clever, aggressive boxer, and put it all over Patton, who was sore from his exertions with Silva on the previous evening. He realized that the sailor carried too many guns for him and that his only chance to stay the limit was to stall along, and these were his tactics. The men agreed that if both were on their feet at the end of the sixth round, the contest should be called a draw.

Schlossberg has a curious style. He bores in all the time and when in danger pokes his head into his opponent, at the same time guarding his jaw with his two hands. He has a good wallop in either hand, preferably delivered through the medium of a ripping hook.

The sailor was in fine condition while Patton was palpably soft. Neither man sustained any punishment to speak of, though Schlossberg could have ended matters quickly by the knockout route, had he so willed.

Schlossberg, by the way, is a full-blooded Indian.

HAWAIIAN WATER SPORTS DELIGHT GREAT CROWD

(From Monday's Advertiser.)

Old Waikiki presented the gayest scene yesterday that its sands have shown for years, the Hawaiian regatta pulled off before the Seaside and Moana attracting what is probably the largest crowd that has ever gathered at the swimming beach. There were hundreds of sailors taking in the sport, more hundreds of haoles from this and other islands and tourists and malihinis in crowds, but the majority of those who lined the sands and engaged in the sports were Hawaiians. It was the Hawaiians' turn to entertain the visitors ashore, just as it was the Hawaiian day for fruit distribution among the sailors afloat, and right royally did the sons and daughters of the soil turn out and grow enthusiastic over the revival of their old sports of the surf.

On the beach and moving about amid the throngs of bathers during the afternoon were at least half a hundred Hawaiian outrigger canoes, the greatest fleet of these picturesque craft that Honolulu has seen together at any one time since the days when the canoes were depended upon to do the waterway transportation of the people. The number of surfboard riders in the water, at one time as many as sixty within the four hundred yards of surf, with the members of the Outrigger Club, big and little, riding the too-seldom rollers or coasting in on the smaller waves, standing, balancing, diving and performing, was a spectacle that delighted the strangers and induced enthusiasm among the Hawaiians who watched.

Altogether there were between four and five thousand interested spectators of the best Hawaiian regatta given on the beach, the crowd being ten and twelve deep from the bandstand in the Moana grounds, where Kapellmeister Berger waved his baton to palm trees, clear across the sands to the extreme Ewa limits of the Seaside, while clear as far as the Brown place, opposite which was the starting point, there were many who watched. On the Seaside grounds Kaali's orchestra played, the music proving a great attraction to the sailors. The bluejackets were entranced, standing around the hau tree platform twenty deep, crowding in close to the players and hanging over the backs of their chairs lest one note of the hula airs be lost, while their applause after each selection was an inducement to the musicians to keep on playing until forced to stop from pure exhaustion.

The headquarters for the regatta appeared to be the grass house of the Outrigger club, which had been taken possession of by the Hawaiian women who paddled in some of the races. It was in front of the club houses that the canoes were pulled up on the sands and it was from the lanais of the thatched quarters that the "wela ka haos" rang loudest when a favorite crew paddled for a lead and the "auwees" were the deepest when an outrigger swung into pilikia or a surfboard rider lost his balance.

With so many along the beach and in the water it was to be expected that there would be accidents, but fortunately these were very few. The order of the big crowd was excellent and there was little call for the services of either the police, under Captain Parker, or of the sailor patrolmen, who were present to the number of twenty.

There were other things taking place within sight of the thousands on the beach that added to the enjoyment of the afternoon. Early in the program there was a movement among the battleships anchored beyond the reef, four

The third race was one that delighted and pleased the visitors from the fleet. A dozen Oahu Hawaiian women, in red, in white, and in blue, manned three dainty little canoes and paddled out from the Outrigger beach. The little cockleshell canoes bobbed over the waves, battled with the surf, and as the starting gun was fired from the judge's stand they got "busy" in real earnest. The girls in blue took the lead and kept it. The whites almost swamped, and an enthusiastic bather seized the outrigger of the red canoe and almost capsized it. Nevertheless it was an exciting race, and one that the men in white ashore sought to encourage.

The four-paddle canoe race, the fourth event, was by long odds the most closely contested and exciting. Each club put its best men in the fastest boats. The Outriggers' picked crew, Atherton Gilman, Lane Webster, Kenyon Brown and Zen, Genova, manned Walter Dillingham's Malolo, while Dr. Wall's canoe, the Halekulani, and the Kamehameha's Kowamale, were in charge of some of the best native paddlers in Hawaii. It was a splendidly bunched race from start to finish, down to Brown's and back, and the Outriggers won, not hands down, but by a good honest length, with the Halekulani at their heels.

Even the appearance of the yacht Hawaii, which put her nose around Diamond Head during this race, did not altogether distract the attention of the eager multitude.

The single-paddle canoe race was participated in by the crack native paddlers of Oahu, and was another bunched event. A. S. Robertson's Leahi won, with Pili in the Lelepuke a close second, and J. K. Apio in the Hanamiki third.

SURFBOARD CONTEST.

The surfboard contest was the sixth and most thrilling event. At a signal from the judges' stand, about twenty contestants sprang upon their surfboards and launched them in the breakers. A long swim out to great blue billows, and the excitement began. Surfers were hurled backward over waves and their boards sent high in air; others caught the wave and came rushing on, now lost in foam, now leaping to their feet, two red-clothed lads always to the front. True, they had the longest and thickest boards known to Waikiki. Harold Hustace, the champion surfer of last year, turned in vain on his diminutive board to ride backward and did his usual fancy stunts, but the great, long boards of Kenneth Winter and Sam Wright kept the waves long, long after the smaller boards disappeared behind the rollers. The effect from the beach of these two youths coming ever forward on the waves was thrilling in the extreme, and it is safe to say that the fashion in boards, which has followed that of the Hustace boys for a year past, will now turn to something long, thick and narrow.

Harold Hustace will allude to them in vain as canoes and demonstrate that he can stand and paddle upon his rivals' boards, but the long type of surfboard will come to stay, and their exponents of yesterday will receive medals from the fleet committee in lieu of a divided cup.

There was a four-paddle, flat-bottomed canoe race, won by the Kalkikiana, and a three-paddle, flat-bottomed canoe race for women that brought every man and many ladies down to the very edge of the beach. This was won by the Kalahikiola, of the Kamehameha Aquatic Club. Then there was the old-style koawood sailing race from Waikiki to Castle's point and back, a vision of white butterflies, won by the Lanakila, Harry Harris' boat.

A race for two-paddle canoes was won by the Hanamiki, with the Leahi second and the Malolo third. The great event looked forward to by the officers of the fleet was so successful that it had to be repeated. The six-paddle canoe race between the crews from the Connecticut, Vermont and New Jersey elicited a protest from the boys from the Kansas because they had been left before they reached the starting post, and another race was organized to include them. Thus it happened that every crew entered by the fleet won a cash prize—and that was as it should be.

The two-paddle, flat-bottomed canoe race was won by the Kalahikiola and the Hikipaluka. The boys' surfing contest was won by Lane Webster and Harry Steiner, and the modern Hawaiian canoe sailing race by the Kiokalina and the Kamehameha. This race was started from the Outrigger Club beach, more than a dozen white wings being entered, the Hawaiian flag flying from the mast of each. The three war vessels of the Lahaina fleet passed across the horizon during the running of this race, which was straight out and back, but the bobbing decks of canvas held the attention of the crowd. Some of these canoes on the return course took the largest rollers and surfed for long distances, the winner catching a long roller that swept her up to the beach a quarter of a mile ahead of her nearest competitor.

Scarcely less exciting was the run of the big canoes in the closing event of the day. A dozen, perhaps, went out to the big waves. One by one, however, they fell behind, turned aside or swamped, until only Dr. Wall's polished koa Halekulani, Prince "Cupid's" white-rimmed "A," and Brown's long black Alabama held the wave. They came in almost to the beach before a wall of foam, with the Alabama well in the lead—and so ended the greatest bit of water sport ever held at Waikiki.

VETERAN OFFICERS ATTEND POI LUNCHEON.

Numbered among the officers of the visiting fleet are about thirty veterans of the service, officers who had visited this port before, some of them many times, some as long as twenty years ago, and all of these find many friends among the kamaainas of the city.

These officers, as many as were able to leave their ships Saturday, were entertained by a number of Honolulu matrons at a poi luncheon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Damon, the affair being one for the renewing of old friendships and the occasion for reminiscences and stories of the days that are gone in Honolulu. During the affair the band from the flagship Connecticut was present and played.

CRAZY RED HORSE PUTS KELILIKE DOWN AND OUT

(From Sunday's Advertiser.)

The big bleachers at Kapiolani Park were fairly well filled yesterday afternoon when the curtain went up on the second day of the Wild West carnival.

Another good afternoon's sport was enjoyed and on the whole the cowboys' carnival must be voted a success.

The half-mile cow pony race fell to C. H. Judd, Archie Kaana being second.

J. Malina, a member of the Kaula polo team, won the barrel race, Angus McPhee being second and Maunakea third.

The watermelon race was won by Tom Lopez, J. Malina taking second money and Maunakea running into third place.

The broncho-busting championship went to Lopez. On Friday afternoon Lopez and Makai Kelilike tied for first honors, but Lopez rode a very bad horse, without anything to hold on to beside the saddle in the way of rope. The animal was the one which threw "Cheyenne" Johnny Winters last year and is a very devil in regard to temper.

In order to decide which way the purse should be divided, the judges told Kelilike that if he would ride the crazy broncho under the same conditions that Lopez had done on Friday, and do as well, the money would be split between the two cowboys.

Makai accepted the offer and the red horse was blinded, and after getting away from his would-be rider once, the cowboy got in the saddle and the fun began. The horse acted worse than ever and bucked so vigorously that Makai, after managing to retain his seat for a minute or so, was thrown

and, striking the ground hard, lay on his back for some time unconscious.

A doctor went to Makai's assistance, and in a few minutes he was able to get up and be helped into the saddle. He was roundly applauded as he rode slowly past the grandstand.

The judges gave the first prize to Lopez.

The finals of the steer-roping contest in which Angus McPhee made the best time on Friday resulted in a victory for Archie Kaana, who averaged 1:35.34 for his four steers. Had it not been for his poor time on the first day, 2:33, his average would have been much better.

Kaana made the fastest time of the carnival yesterday, roping and tying one steer in 0:55. W. P. Akau made the next best time, 0:58.

Second and third money will probably be divided among Angus McPhee, W. J. Kawai and W. P. Akau.

It was a great day for Hawaii, Kaana, Kawai and Akau all hailing from the Big Island.

J. Malina won the wild steer-riding contest.

The half-mile race for mules was won by George Holt, Tom Stewart being second and Ned Fountain third. It was a very close race, and the first three might have been covered by the proverbial blanket.

W. J. Kawai won the maverick-branding contest, J. Malina being second and W. P. Akau third.

The program concluded with a clever exhibition of one-armed roping by Eben P. Low, champion one-armed roper of the world.

FLEET ATHLETIC SHOW ENTERTAINED THOUSANDS

(From Saturday's Advertiser.)

Five thousand cheering souls, including many of the fair sex and a big representation of sailors, witnessed the program of indoor athletics run off under the auspices of the fleet entertainment and reception committee at the old fishmarket arena last night.

It was the first of a series of entertainments which will be given in the same place during the stay of the fleet in Honolulu.

The two bleachers were packed and every inch of standing room in the fishmarket was occupied by the crowd. In the roadway, scores of automobiles and hacks took a stand and their occupants watched the progress of the different events therefrom.

The place was brilliantly illuminated and elaborately decorated, the ring being draped with the national colors. The band of the battleship Virginia played a choice selection of pieces during the evening, greatly to the enjoyment of those present.

Great credit for the success of the evening is due to P. F. Ryan, chairman of the committee on indoor sports, who has worked indefatigably in making the matches and perfecting the arrangements.

At 8:30 p. m. Master of Ceremonies H. M. Ayres entered the ring and ushered in the night's sport with the following words of greeting and welcome to the men of the battleships and others present:

"Ladies and gentlemen, and, in particular, men of the Atlantic fleet, on behalf of the fleet entertainment and reception committee I take pleasure in

welcoming you here tonight. This arena has been constructed especially for your benefit, and in it there will be pulled off every evening, except Sunday, that the fleet is in port, a program of sports, consisting of boxing, wrestling and tug-of-war. The best talent available has been secured and the cards will be made as attractive as possible, and, we trust, will meet with your approval. We are glad to see you here tonight and hope that you and your comrades will be present at future entertainments to be given here. Once again we bid you a hearty welcome. Gentlemen of the fleet, the house is yours."

The first number on the card was a tug-of-war between the Hawaiians and an all-American team.

A twenty-minute limit had been put on the contest, but this was unnecessary, as the islanders pulled their lucky opponents over in five minutes.

This was followed by a wrestling match between Sailor Roberts, heavyweight champion of the Territory, and Ashbury of the U. S. S. Iroquois.

The sailors watched Roberts with interest, for he is likely to be matched with Faber, the fleet's crack heavyweight.

Jack McFadden, refereed the bout. The hammerlock full-nelson, leg-up-the-back and flying mer were barred.

Roberts took the first fall in three minutes with a half-nelson.

Ashbury secured the next fall in six minutes by means of a half-nelson and croch hold.

Roberts let out a link the third time